

EVENTS OF INTEREST  
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

## WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND  
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVES

## TODAY'S POEM

INVITA MINERVA.

The Bardling came where by a river  
grew,  
The dawn reeds, that, as the west  
wind blew,  
Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as if  
they knew  
What music slept in each enchanted  
"each stem,  
Till Dan should choose some happy  
one of them,  
And with wine lips enliven it through  
and through.

The Bardling thought, "A pipe is all  
I need;  
Once I have sought me out a clear,  
smooth reed,  
And shaped it to my fancy, I proceed  
To breathe such strains as, yonder  
mid the rocks,  
The strange youth blows, that tends  
Admetus' flocks,  
And all the maidens shall to me pay  
heed."

The summer day he spent in questful  
round,  
And many a reed he marred, but  
never found  
A conjuring-spell to free the imprison-  
ed sound.  
At last his vainly wearied limbs he  
laid  
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering  
shade,  
And sleep about his brain her cobweb  
wound.

Then strode the mighty Mother  
through his dreams,  
Saying, "The reeds along a thousand  
streams  
Are mine, and who is he that plots  
and schemes  
To share the melodies wherewith my  
breath  
Sounds through the double pipes of  
Life and Death,  
Atoning what to men mad discord  
seems?"

"He seeks not me, but I seek oft in  
valley  
For him who shall my voiceful reeds  
constrain,  
And make them utter their melodious  
pains.  
He flies the immortal gift, for well he  
knows  
His life of life must with its over-  
flows  
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come  
again.

"Thou fool, who dost my harmless  
subjects wrong,  
'Tis not the singer's wish that makes  
the song;  
The rhythmic beauty wanders dumb,  
how long,  
Nor stoops to any daintiest instrument.  
Till, found its mated lips, their sweet  
consent  
Makes mortal breath than Time and  
Fate more strong."

—James Russell Lowell.

This is a quiet season for police  
work, except where the Republicans  
and Progressives are holding harmony  
dinners.

How can the men get along if the  
women discard their encumbering  
skirts for overalls, and compete with  
them on even terms?

"Young man," said an inquisitive  
old lady to a tram-conductor, "if I put  
my foot on that rail shall I receive an  
electric shock?"  
"No, mum," he replied, "unless you  
place your other foot on the overhead  
wire."—Tit-Bits.

Flyaway Feathers  
On Her New Hat

## THE DASH OF IT.

Many of the "in between" hats are  
put up in silks rather than straw.  
This is a combination of both, the  
crown and front piece of diagonal  
straw being tobacco brown to har-  
monize with a tall wing of hen pheas-  
ant's feathers.

## BRIEF NEWS NOTES

The strike of electrical workers and  
other trade unions at Washoe smelter  
of the Anaconda Copper Co. has been  
settled.

The Federal Trade Commission has  
completed its news print paper inves-  
tigation and will send its report to  
Congress Monday.

Henry Eben Burnham, United States  
Senator from New Hampshire from  
1901 to 1913 is dead.

The French Cabinet decided on the  
reduction in the number of pages of  
the daily newspapers.

The United States government  
placed a \$3,000,000 order with the  
Midvale Steel Co. for 16-inch guns.

Gold coin to the amount of \$510,000  
was withdrawn from the Sub-Treasury  
for shipment to South America.

A heavy guard was placed on the  
double track railroad bridge across  
the Mississippi river at Thebes, Ill.

About \$500,000 will be spent by the  
Tchilson, Topeka & Santa Fe Rail-  
way Co. for the installation of block  
signals.

LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON

## HEART TOPICS

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DO INEXPERIENCED  
YOUNG COUPLES FIND  
HOUSEKEEPING FUN?

"Old men look troubled, youth alone  
grins  
Not knowing when a man marries his  
trouble begins.  
When I was single my pockets did  
jingle,  
I wish to the Lord I was single  
again."

Was there ever any very young  
couple who considered anything but  
love when they met on Monday, he  
called Tuesday, went out for a walk  
Wednesday, he proposed Thursday,  
parents gave their consent Friday,  
married on Saturday, went for a day's  
honeymooning on Sunday, started  
housekeeping on Monday? Do they  
ever dream of the seriousness of the  
whole business? The youth's heart  
was caught in the meshes of the young  
girl's curls. That was all there was  
about it! She was very young and  
pretty. He thought of nothing beyond  
that. Ten to one the girl had never  
cooked a meal in her whole life. Many  
a mother has such a way of keeping  
her daughter's white hands from labor-  
ious work. Notwithstanding that,  
the girl plunges into housekeeping as  
though it were the greatest fun, in-  
stead of the solemnest, hardest of du-  
ties.

The person who wrote the article  
on "Housekeeping made easy," has  
a lot to answer for in giving doubtful  
advice to inexperienced young house-  
keepers. She says: "A dinner can be  
got up in twenty minutes. Warm over  
a can of corn, which is three-fourths  
cooked. A five cent carton of Saratoga  
chipped potatoes needs but a few  
minutes' warming over in the oven.  
Deliciousness allied to tongue needs  
no preparation. A pan of pork and  
beans from the same store can be  
served cold or heated. A coffee pellet  
can be dropped into hot water. Lo, you  
have a bubbling hot coffee fit for a  
king. A little lukewarm water,  
mixed with flour, and lo you have  
delicious biscuits."

Why wouldn't a bride consider that  
she is getting out of the toils of house-  
keeping—mighty easily. Bithely she  
tries her hand in this sort of cooking.  
But the brown on young hubby's face  
tells her more plainly than words that  
there's a mistake somewhere. It  
doesn't take long to have the new  
hubby sick on her hands. He will  
have to go back to school, she will  
have to learn to cook good substan-  
tial meals in the old-fashioned way,  
to keep a man fit for work.

The first slap hubby gets at mother-  
in-law is: "Why the Sam Hill didn't  
she teach her girl to cook?" Of course  
she learns in time, but it takes time,  
tearfuls, burned hands and aprons,  
and tears. The "Housekeeping made  
easy" article did not mention that  
there were dishes to wash and pots  
and pans to scour. Every girl should  
take a course in housekeeping before  
tripping gaily to the altar.

## CORNER FOR COOKS

The educational department, New  
England Fish Exchange, has sent out  
the following fish recipes of famous  
chefs:

## Lobster Bungalow Style.

(By Grant H. MacGillivray, Quincy,  
Mass., Boston.)  
Cook three ounces butter, two tea-  
spoons finely chopped onion until  
brown, stirring constantly. To this  
add two teaspoons flour and stir until  
well blended, then pour on gradually  
while stirring one cup stewed and  
strained tomatoes, well seasoned with  
salt, and paprika; bring to boiling  
point. Add 1-2 cup lobster meat  
cut small; 2 teaspoons Sherry wine;  
serve hot in lobster shell.

## Lobster Supreme.

One lobster cut in ice, 1 ounce but-  
ter, 1 cup cream, 1 gill vinegar, 1  
hard boiled egg, chopped fine. Melt  
butter in pan. When hot add lob-  
ster and season with paprika and  
salt, also a dash of Sherry wine.  
When the lobster begins to crisp, add  
the vinegar and boil until the vine-  
gar is reduced to half, add the cream  
and boil for two minutes. Serve on  
hot toast garnished with the chopped  
egg and chopped parsley.

## Finnan Haddie A La Tokio.

1 pound finnan haddie, cut in dice,  
2 teaspoons butter, 1 teaspoon  
1-1-2 cups thick cream, 1-2 red pep-  
per cut Julienne. Scald the fish in  
boiling water, then place in pan with  
cream and peppers. Boil five min-  
utes. Soften the butter with the flour  
and add to thicken the sauce. Cook  
for two minutes, adding salt and pa-  
prika to taste, a dash of Sherry wine  
enhances the flavor and hard boiled  
egg chopped fine may be added if de-  
sired. The dish is now ready to  
serve, but it is vastly improved if  
sprinkled with a mixture of bread  
crumbs and grated cheese and baked  
in hot oven to a golden brown.

## Fresh Crab Flakes.

One green pepper, 1 red pepper,  
6 fresh white mushrooms, 1 pint  
heavy cream, 1 pound fresh crab  
flakes, 2 cups mashed potatoes, 2  
peppers and mushrooms Julienne.  
Stew in butter until cooked tender;  
add the cream and boil five minutes;  
then add crab meat. Season to taste  
with salt, paprika and fresh butter.  
Remove and put in baking dish. Gar-  
nish with potato border and place in  
oven to brown.

## Oyster Salad.

Bring to a boil four dozen small  
oysters in their own liquor, skim and  
strain; season with a little salt and  
pepper and vinegar. When cold add  
about half the quantity of chopped  
celery and a cup of salad dressing;  
garnish the dish with celery leaves.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Correct name and address must be  
given to insure attention, not to print  
too ink. Write short letters, only on  
one side of paper. Address Miss Lib-  
bey, 616 President Street, Brooklyn  
N. Y.)

FATHER MUST SET  
HIS FOOT DOWN

Mr. H. C. writes: "It may seem  
strange—a man of 52 asking advice of  
a woman—but I think you can set me  
right as to the following: I have two  
daughters—17 and 19. My girls have  
begun to defy me and my authority,  
aided and abetted by their mother.  
They insist upon going to dances that  
are held in a hall over a saloon three  
or four nights a week, not coming  
home until two or three o'clock in the  
morning. The young men who take  
them there visit the bar between dances,  
I am told, and can hardly keep their  
feet in seeing them home. I would  
put a stop to it pretty quick, but my  
wife won't hear to it. She says the  
girls won't get married if they  
don't go to dances and after matrimo-  
ny, the boys will sober down. Can  
you do anything to help my argument  
that this is not so?"

As a father, you have not only the  
right but it is your duty, to safeguard  
your foolish, but thoughtless, daugh-  
ters. Attend each and every dance  
from start to finish. Censor critically  
the conduct of these young men, and  
all others who participate. If you find  
any one who is not a decent fellow,  
down gently, but firmly, against their  
attending these dances. It is a grave  
danger to allow young girls to be  
alone, at night, in company with in-  
ebriated youths, who, in that condi-  
tion, are anything but safe, depend-  
able escorts.

## GIVE THE CLOWN A CHANCE.

Miss C. B. writes: "I am a young  
woman of 20, an orphan living eco-  
nomically on the interest of what my  
parents left me just enough to get  
by with little or nothing to spare. A  
young man connected (as clown) with  
a circus and earning a large salary,  
who has been wintering here, has pro-  
posed marriage. I am in a quandary  
as to whether I should accept him or  
not. I care for him—but the problem  
is, if I married him would I have to  
travel about with him constantly. A  
day in a town, which would tire me to  
death very quickly, or, after marriage,  
live alone, seeking my husband only  
a few weeks in winter each year?  
Please advise."

It would certainly require the wis-  
dom of Solomon to decide this case  
wisely. Love must be your pilot. If  
you love him so well that you cannot  
give him up, wed him and trust blindly  
to the future for a happy married life.  
If your heart is but lukewarm toward  
him, give some other girl who can  
love and appreciate him a chance of  
winning him.

and thin slices of lemon, sprinkle with  
parsley over the top.

## Potato Salad.

Have your potatoes perfectly cold  
and cut them in small chunks, then  
chop or grate teaspoon of onion and  
put it in the potatoes. Mix thoroughly  
with one cup of salad dressing.

## Salad Dressing.

One-half pint vinegar, pinch of  
salt, two-thirds cup of sugar; set to  
simmer; take one-half cup of sweet  
cream, one egg well beaten, one tea-  
spoon of cornstarch, one teaspoon of  
ground mustard; stir these well to-  
gether and stew into the boiling vine-  
gar, boil a minute, stirring constantly  
one way.

## Lobster A La Quincy.

One live lobster; butter, size of egg.  
Large onion, 2 teaspoons beef broth,  
1 carrot, 1 small glass Sherry, 1  
small glass brandy. Cut lobster in  
dice shape, melt butter and when hot  
put in lobster, keep covered. Chop  
onion and onion together, add to lob-  
ster and season with salt. Cook for  
a few minutes, then add Sherry.  
Cooking must go on incessantly over  
hot fire. When cooked remove from  
fire and add glass of brandy, stirring  
well. Mix the tomato from a boiled  
lobster with butter and add to lob-  
ster, sprinkle with chopped parsley  
and serve.

## Boston Schrod Rarebit A La Quincy.

Two pounds Boston Schrod, 1-2  
pounds old American cheese, Juice 1-2  
lemons. Bone and skin fish, cut in  
dice, melt butter and when hot put  
in fish, salt, paprika and lemon Juice.  
Cook thoroughly in separate dish.  
Place the cheese well ground up with  
a little ale, salt, Worcestershire sauce,  
English mustard, paprika and mush-  
room catsup; bring to boiling point,  
stir constantly until cooked; then  
turn into the fish dish and serve hot  
on hot toasted bread. Place thin  
slices of broiled bacon on top.

## HIGHWAY INSPECTORS EXAM.

An examination for inspectors of  
contract work on state highways and  
other state work will be held at 1:30  
o'clock on the afternoon of Feb. 26 in  
room 201 of the Capitol. Several appointments  
will be made. The entrance salary will be \$3  
a day and upwards. Applications may  
be filed up to noon on Friday, Feb. 23.

## A WOMAN'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism  
whether muscular or of the joints, sciatic  
lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys,  
neuralgia, neuralgia, to write her for a  
treatment which has repeatedly cured all  
these tortures. It is a duty to do so.  
It is a duty to write her for a treatment  
at home as thousands will testify—no chan-  
ce of climate being necessary. This sim-  
ple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood,  
loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood  
and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity to  
the whole system. If the above  
interests you, for proof address Mrs.  
Bummers, Box 95, South Bend, Ind.

The Gods  
of Mars

By

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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(Continued)

"Again she spoke to them, but in  
tones so low I could not catch the  
words, and then she started toward  
the opposite side of the chamber with  
the six mighty monsters trailing at  
heel.

One by one she sent them through  
the secret panel into the room beyond,  
and when the last had passed from the  
chamber where we stood in wide eyed  
amazement she turned and smiled at  
us and then passed through herself,  
leaving us alone.

## CHAPTER VI.

Thuvia.

FOR a moment neither of us  
spoke. Then Tars Tarkas said:  
"I heard the fighting beyond  
the partition through which  
you passed, but I did not fear for you,  
John Carter, until I heard the report  
of a revolver shot. I knew that there  
lived no man upon all Barsoom who  
could face you with naked steel and  
live, but the shot stripped the last vest-  
ige of hope from me, since you I knew  
to be without firearms. Tell me of it."

I did as he bade, and then together  
we sought the secret panel through  
which I had just entered the apart-  
ment—the one at the opposite end of  
the room from that through which the  
girl had led her savage companions.

To our disappointment the panel  
closed our every effort to negotiate its  
secret lock. We felt that once beyond  
it we might look with some little hope  
for success for a passage to the out-  
side world.

The fact that the prisoners within  
were securely chained led us to believe  
that surely there must be an avenue  
of escape from the terrible creatures  
which inhabited this unspeakable place.

Again and again we turned from one  
door to another, from the baffling golden  
panel at one end of the chamber to  
its mate at the other, equally baffling.  
When we had looked given up all hope  
one of the panels turned silently to-  
ward us, and the young woman who  
had led away the banths stood once  
more beside us.

"Who are you," she asked, "and  
what is your mission that you have the  
temerity to attempt to escape from the  
valley Dor and the death you have  
chosen?"

"I have chosen no death, maiden," I  
replied. "I am not of Barsoom, nor  
have I taken yet the voluntary pilgrim-  
age upon the river Iss. My friend here  
is Jeddak of all the Tharks, and though  
he has not yet expressed a desire to  
return to the living world, I am taking  
him with me from the living life that  
hath lured him to this frightful place."

"I am of another world. I am John  
Carter, prince of the house of Tardos  
Mors, Jeddak of Helium. Perchance  
some faint rumor of me may have  
leaked within the confines of your  
hellish abode."

She smiled.  
"Yes," she replied; "naught that  
passes in the world we have left is un-  
known here. I have heard of you,  
many years ago. The Therns have of-  
times wondered whether you have flown  
since you had neither taken the pil-  
grimage nor could be found upon the  
face of Barsoom."

"Tell me," I said, "and who are you  
and why a prisoner, yet with power  
over the ferocious beasts of the place  
that denotes familiarity and authority  
far beyond that which might be ex-  
pected of a prisoner or a slave?"  
"Slave I am," she answered, "for fifteen  
years a slave in this terrible  
place, and now that they have tired of  
me and become fearful of the power  
which my knowledge of their ways has  
given me I am but recently condemned  
to die the death."

She shuddered.  
"What death?" I asked.  
"The holy Therns eat human flesh,"  
she answered me, "but only that which  
has died beneath the sucking lips of a



I Looked to See Her Torn to Pieces.

plant man—flesh from which the defil-  
ing blood of life has been drawn. And  
to this cruel end I have been con-  
demned. It was to be within a few  
hours had your advent not caused an  
interruption of their plans."

"Was it then holy Therns who felt  
the weight of John Carter's hand?" I  
asked.

"Oh, no; those whom you laid low  
are lesser Therns, but of the same cruel  
and hateful race. The holy Therns  
abide upon the outer slopes of these  
grim hills, facing the broad world,  
from which they harvest their victims  
and their spoils."

"Labyrinthine passages connect these  
caves with the luxurious palaces of  
the holy Therns, and through them  
pass upon their many duties the lesser  
Therns and hordes of slaves and pris-  
oners and fierce beasts—the grim in-  
habitants of this sunless world."

"There are within this vast network  
of winding passages and countless  
chambers men, women and beasts  
who, born within its dim and grow-  
some underworld, have never seen the  
light of day—nor ever shall."

"They are kept to do the bidding of  
the race of Therns; to furnish at once  
their sport and their sustenance."

"Now and again some hapless pil-  
grim, drifting out upon the silent sea  
from the cold Iss, escapes the plant  
men and the great white apes that  
guard the temple of Issut and falls  
into the remorseless clutches of the  
Therns, or, as was my misfortune, is  
coveted by the holy Thern who chances

to be upon watch in the balcony above  
the river where it issues from the  
bowels of the mountains through the  
cliffs of gold to empty into the lost  
sea of Korus."

"All who reach the valley Dor are,  
by custom, the rightful prey of the  
plant men and the apes, while their  
arms and ornaments become the por-  
tion of the Therns, but if one escapes  
the terrible denizens of the valley for  
even a few hours the Therns may claim  
such a one as their own."

"And again the holy Thern on watch,  
should he see a victim he covets, often  
tramples upon the rights of the unre-  
sisting brute of the valley and takes  
his prize by foul means if he cannot  
gain it by fair."

"It is said that occasionally some de-  
voted victim of Barsoomian supersti-  
tion will so far escape the clutches of  
the countless enemies that beset his  
path from the moment that he emerges  
from the subterranean passage through  
which the Iss flows for a thousand  
miles before it enters the Valley Dor  
as to reach the very walls of the tem-  
ple of Issut. But what fate awaits one  
there not even the holy Therns may  
guess, for who has passed within those  
glided walls never has returned to un-  
fold the mysteries they have held since  
the beginning of time."

"The temple of Issut is to the Therns  
what the valley Dor is imagined by the  
peoples of the outer world to be to  
them. It is the ultimate haven of  
peace, refuge and happiness to which  
they pass after this life and wherein  
an eternity of eternities is spent amid  
the delights of the flesh which appeal  
most strongly to this race of mental  
giants and moral pygmies."

"The temple of Issut is, I take it, a  
heaven within a heaven," I said. "Let  
us hope that there it will be meted to  
the Therns as they have meted it here  
unto others."

"Who knows?" the girl murmured.  
"The Therns, I judge from what you  
have said, are no less mortal than we,  
and yet have I always heard them  
spoken of with the utmost awe and  
reverence by the people of Barsoom  
as one might speak of the gods them-  
selves."

"The Therns are mortal," she replied.  
"They die from the same causes as you  
or I might—those who do not live their  
allotted span of life, 1,000 years. By  
the authority of custom at that time  
they may take their life in happiness  
through the long tunnel that leads to  
Issut."

"Those who die before are supposed  
to spend the balance of their allotted  
time in the image of a plant man, and  
it is for this reason that the plant men  
are held sacred by the Therns, since  
they believe that each of these hideous  
creatures was formerly a Thern."

"And should a plant man die?" I  
asked.

"Should he die before the expiration  
of the thousand years from the birth  
of the Thern, whose immortality abides  
within him, then the soul passes into  
a great white ape. Should the ape die  
short of the exact hour that terminates  
the thousand years the soul is forever  
lost and passes for all eternity into  
the carcass of the slimy and fear-  
some silian, whose wriggling thou-  
sands seethe in the silent sea beneath  
the hurrying moons when the sun has  
gone and strange shapes walk through  
the valley Dor."

"We sent several holy Therns to the  
silens today, then," said Tars Tarkas,  
laughing.

"And so will your death be the more  
terrible when it comes," said the  
maiden. "And come it will. You can-  
not escape."

"One has escaped, centuries ago," I  
reminded her, "and what has been  
done may be done again."

"It is useless even to try," she an-  
swered hopelessly.

"But try we shall," I cried, "and  
you shall go with us, if you wish."

"To be put to death by mine own  
people and render my memory a dis-  
grace to my family and my nation? A  
prince of the house of Tardos Mors  
should know better than to suggest  
such a thing."

Tars Tarkas listened in silence, but  
I could feel his eyes riveted upon me,  
and I knew that he awaited my an-  
swer as one might listen to the read-  
ing of his sentence by the foreman of  
a jury.

What I advised the girl to do would  
seal our fate as well, since, if I bowed  
to the inevitable decree of age old  
superstition, we must all remain and  
meet our fate in some horrible form  
within this awful abode of horror and  
cruelty.

"We have the right to escape if we  
can," I answered. "Our own moral  
senses will not be offended if we suc-  
ceed, for we know that the fabled life  
of love and peace in the blessed valley

of Dor is a rank and wicked deception.  
"We know that the valley is not  
sacred. We know that the holy Therns  
are not holy; that they are a race of  
cruel and heartless mortals, no more  
cognizant of the real life to come than  
we."

"Not only is it our right to bend ev-  
ery effort to escape; it is a solemn  
duty from which we should not shrink,  
even though we knew that we should  
be reviled and tortured by our own  
peoples when we returned to them."

"Only thus may we carry the truth  
to those without, and though the like-  
hood of our narrative being believed  
is remote, we would be craven cowards  
were we to shrink the plain duty which  
confronts us."

"Again there is a chance that with  
the weight of the testimony of several  
of us the truth of our statements may  
be accepted and at least a compromise  
effected which will result in the dis-  
patching of an expedition of inves-  
tigation to this hideous mockery of  
heaven."

Both the girl and the green warrior  
stood silent in thought for some mo-  
ments. The former it was who eventu-  
ally broke the silence.

"Never had I considered the matter  
in that light before," she said. "In-  
deed would I give my life a thousand  
times if I could but save a single soul  
from the awful life that I have led in  
this cruel place. Yes, you are right,  
and I will go with you as far as we  
can go, but I doubt that we ever shall  
escape."

I turned an inquiring glance toward  
the Thark.

"To the gates of Issut or to the bot-  
tom of Korus," spoke the green war-  
rior; "to the snows to the north or to  
the snows to the south, Tars Tarkas  
follows where John Carter leads. I  
have spoken."

"Let us go," I cried. "We must  
make the start, for we could not be  
further from escape than we now are,  
in the heart of this mountain and with-  
in the four walls of this chamber of  
death."

"Come, then," said the girl, "but do  
not flatter yourself that you can find  
no worse place than this within the  
territory of the Therns."

So saying, she swung the secret panel  
that separated us from the apartment  
in which I had found her, and we  
stepped through once more into the  
presence of the other prisoners.

There were in all ten red Martians,  
men and women, and when we had  
briefly explained our plan they decided  
to join forces with us, though it was  
evident that it was with some consid-



The Girl Raised Her Revolver and Fired Point Blank at Him.

erable misgivings that they thus tempt-  
ed fate by opposing an ancient supersti-  
tion, even though each knew through  
cruel experience the fallacy of its en-  
tire fabric.

One of these prisoners, a red Mar-  
tian boy, particularly attracted me.  
There was something strangely fami-  
liar about his face, and yet I could not  
place him. I asked him his name, and  
he said it was Carthoris.

Thuvia, the girl whom I had first  
freed, soon had the others at liberty.  
Tars Tarkas and I stripped the bodies  
of the two Therns of their weapons,  
which included swords, daggers and  
two revolvers of the curious and dead-  
ly type manufactured by the red Mar